



## MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mrs. Nuwile—"John, I'm sure I hear burglars downstairs." John—"What would you do if you were in my place?" Mrs. Nuwile—"Do? Why tell them about the baby's new tooth, of course."—*Inter Ocean.*

—We comprehend nothing in the world as in, but by the light of the world in which we are not; we are much nearer to what we call the other world than we are to this.—*Martin.*

—"I say," said Fuddles, who sometimes thinks he is smart, "what sort of fruit can you raise on an electric plant?" But Fuddles, who also thinks he is smart occasionally, promptly replied "Currents."—*Washington Star.*

—"How did it happen that Johnny got to be head of the class?" He is not a bright boy. "The teacher asked where the north pole was, and nobody could tell. At last Johnny put up his hand." "And where did Johnny say it was?" "In the north."

—July was the fifth month in the Roman calendar, and was called Quintilis, the fifth. Originally it contained thirty-six days, but was reduced by Romulus to thirty-one, by Numa to thirty, but was restored to thirty-one by Julius Caesar, in honor of whom it was named July on account of his having been born during this month. It was also so called from the goddess Juno.

—You may see in small shops about town horsehoes conspicuously hung up, not for luck, but as souvenirs of a somewhat famous horsehoe-making contest in Madison Square Garden. The shoes were turned out at the rate of one every half minute, and were seized at once as mementoes of the occasion. Some have been gilded and used as ornaments, while others are preserved in all their original crudity.

—In villages near Chicago may still be seen a few log cabins of the pioneer—cabins that are as rude as any on the frontier. If we have any frontier now. Another architectural curiosity in the neighborhood of the city is seen in the houses raised above the ground on piles to lift them out of the wet. But wind mills and the eucalyptus tree have sucked a good deal of fever and ague out of the soil within recent years.

—Wolves and coyotes are increasing in numbers on the stock ranges in Southern Alberta, as in the Dakotas and other northern states, and are causing serious trouble and loss to the ranchers. At a year old they begin their depredations on sheep and young cattle, and occasional hunts and round-ups afford only temporary relief. The question how to deal effectively with these pests is becoming serious all over the range country of the northwest.

—Port Penn, the little village at the head of Delaware bay, now congratulates itself that the quarantine station recently established there by the British government will help to make a market for butter, eggs, and other country produce and for shad. As farming and fishing comprise the entire business interests of the place, the prospect of a demand for the products of both land and sea reconciles most of the people to what at first seemed an unmitigated evil.

Two hotel cars, to be run from the east to Chicago, have just been finished at Wilmington, Del., at a cost of \$20,000 each. They are new in design and unusually large. Each car has sixteen passenger compartments, fitted up after the fashion of the most luxurious hotel rooms. A space twenty-five feet long in the corner of each car is occupied by a complete kitchen, and beneath each kitchen is a large space for storage. Gas tanks supply both fuel and light.

—Oregon newspaper tell of a double-headed lizard alleged to have been found recently near The Dalles. The heads are said to be at opposite ends of the body and the feet "so arranged that the reptile could propel itself in either direction." The tail is not accounted for. The story comes suspiciously close after one printed recently about the "double-headed snakes" of California, which are described as being built according to specifications similar to The Dalles lizard.

—In former days it was usual for a couple seated together, to eat from one trencher, more particularly if the relations between them were of an intimate nature, or again if it were the master and mistress of the establishment.

Walpole relates that so late as the middle of the last century the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton occupied the ends at the head of the room and pre-erred the traditional manner of sharing the same plate. It was a token of attachment and tender recollection of unreturnable youth.

—A citizen of the world being asked what his russet shoes cost replied that he did not know. This was not because he had not paid the shoemaker for them, but, as he explained, because cost of maintenance must be taken into account in estimating the price of russet shoes. It happens that no man polishes his own russet shoes, and that the usual price for polishing them is ten cents, or double that of polishing black shoes. It thus comes about that cost of maintenance in the case of russet shoes amounts, on the average, to two dollars per month, and no man knows the cost of his russet shoes until they are worn out.

—The foggers on an English farm are the laborers who fodder the cattle and carry out the hay morning and evening. Their work begins with the very earliest touch of dawn, and at that hour, when the dew still lies heavy, the wild things of the forest are still out of their covers. The foggers discovered that they could approach very near to the deer and other game without being detected, because the lead of sweet smelling hay on their bodies, so that the game was not aware of the approach of a human being. Poachers utilized this discovery, finding it a great assistance in their raids on deer preserves. The fogger, however, is a kindly, gentle figure, searching out the secrets of the woods for his love of nature and nature's creatures.

When Baby was sick, she gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

Did President Cleveland Purposely Slight Satolli?

Samuel Gompers' Success—A \$12,000 a Year Obscurity—Zola to Come—A Permanent Dream City—Austria's Emperor and His Heir.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

Those criticisms of President Cleveland for having addressed his letter of felicitation upon the jubilee of Pope Leo to Cardinal Gibbons instead of to Mr. Satolli, who is in this country as the sovereign pontiff's personal representative, emanate from Satolli's enemies. The assertion is made, with the approval of the apostolic delegation, that no one connected with that institution has countenanced any expression of disapproval with reference to President Cleveland's letter.

"If any friend of the pope's ablegate is at the bottom of these criticisms," declares his authority, "that person may rest assured that his self is deemed excessive. Of course, if Mr. Cleveland had sent his letter offering to present his holiness with a copy of certain political speeches and writings to Mr. Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons could not have felt slighted, because the monsignor represents Leo XIII. in the United States, and communications to the latter would seem to pass more appropriately through Satolli's hands than through Gibbons'. However, since the president, owing no doubt to the fact that he is personally acquainted with the cardinal, prefers to communicate with the pope through him, there is nothing to say against it. The pope much admires Mr. Cleveland, and no one need suppose that he will feel hurt because the president does not recognize Satolli as a medium for communication with the vatican. My own theory is that Mr. Cleveland did not wish to imply, by any semi-official recognition of Satolli's existence, that he looked upon the pope's delegate as a representative of any power in the diplomatic sense."

The book which has given rise to such a subtle complication has been, superfluous to say, accepted in a flattering letter of acknowledgment from the vatican. The volume is one of some artistic specimens of bookmaking, which Mr. Cleveland had prepared in New York not long ago, and which he distributes among the few favored persons whom he wishes to honor in a personal way. The paper is royal Irish linen, with rough edges and the widest possible margins. The type is large, old style, and Mr. Cleveland's latest photograph, with his signature beneath, forms a frontispiece. The cover of the book varies with the occasion of its presentation. Thus William C. Whitney has one in seal binding, Daniel S. Lamont has another in rich leather, and it is understood that William F. Harrity got one also. But the one to be sent his holiness, through the American cardinal, is intended to be a triumph of the bookbinder's art. The outside of the book will be black and gold, while the flyleaf will contain an inscription in Mr. Cleveland's own hand. It follows the precedent set in former gift books the chief magistrate will put simply: "To His Holiness, Leo XIII., Pope, from His Admirer, Grover Cleveland." The New York firm which is authority for these facts estimates the average cost of President Cleveland's gift books, including paper, printing and binding, at something like one hundred and fifty dollars each. The edition is very small—some twenty or less—and no doubt will fetch fancy prices a few generations hence.

Labor's Battle of Preparation. No man is harder worked as a result of the gigantic scale on which New York is to celebrate Labor day than Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. He is at his office early and late, and to his efforts is due the large measure of success which the celebration promises to meet with. There will be thousands in line, and Gompers from the reviewing stand will be the cynosure of all eyes. He is the most powerful labor leader of our time, and certainly the best educated. He never seeks personal political advancement, and does not act as if he were aware of his great influence, yet his opposition would be enough to ruin many a man politically. His cautious, conservative administration has built up the American Federation of Labor until now it is one of the most powerful organizations of the kind that ever existed. William E. Gladstone in his recent address to the Federated Miners of England alluded to Mr. Gompers as an ideal labor leader, and certainly New York is proud of him. Every utterance by Mr. Gompers on the subject of labor is received with great respect by all classes. He would be pretty well to do by this time were it not for a generous disposition that prompts him to relieve necessity wherever he meets with it, and for the fact that he devotes his time to the federation to the exclusion of all other matters.

An Obscure Litterateur. It seems odd that a man could make twelve thousand dollars a year in New York writing fiction, die and remain as utterly unknown as if he had never existed. Arthur Elder Nelson, whose death occurred some days since, was such a man. He did not get even a three-line obituary in any newspaper. His dealings were mostly with two huge New York concerns devoted exclusively to the manufacture of dime and half-dime novels, and his specialty was the fiction that deals with boy pirates, boy highwaymen, robbers, and other equally interesting juveniles. He started six years ago, when he was twenty-five. Educated and refined (he was an Oxford man) he came to this country shortly after attaining his majority. His first effort in the line of blood and thunder narrative was made during his leisure as a drug clerk. The success of his production encouraged him to persevere, and for the last two years he had worked steadily. His publish-

ers say that his own share of the profits of his pen last year was twelve thousand dollars, and he lived pretty well up to his income. He spoke four languages and his wide reading and ripe scholarship enabled him to wander at will in the highways of literature plundering wherever he saw an opportunity. Thus his works were, as a rule, mere plagiarisms brought down to his reader's level. He never aspired to anything higher. Certainly if he had wished to be a serious writer his income could never have exceeded, say, thirty-five hundred dollars a year, even had he attained great vogue. As it was he kept a horse and carriage and enjoyed life like a sybarite, being unmarried and uncontrolled. And not even his thousands of admirers scattered through the schoolrooms, district telegraph offices and street corners of this republic had any idea of his personality.

The Realist Is Coming. Now we are to have Zola! New York seems to be the Mecca of the world's great fiction writers. First it was Walter Besant; then Paul Bourget came. That Emile Zola intends to visit this city is no news, no one who is familiar with his oft expressed interest in America's metropolis, but if the French master of realism really means, as reported, to do up New York into his next novel he will have to hustle, if the expression be permissible in such a connection, to get ahead of Bourget. No doubt Zola will present a picture of some hitherto creature and presentation to the world as a Gotham being personally acquainted with many members of New York's aristocracy, such as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Sloans. Moreover, he is far better known in New York through his writings than Bourget, and as it is announced that Zola will hold a "public reception" here, whatever that can be, no doubt there will be much ado about him.

A Permanent Dream City. Everybody in New York knows that Miss Helen M. Gould has been thinking of endowing a woman's hospital here, but it comes as a surprise to many that any such project as the erection of stone reproductions of the more notable world's fair buildings should have entered her head. A very close friend of the family says he has heard of no such idea having been entertained by Miss Gould. The story is that the architectural beauties of the world's fair have so impressed the late Jay Gould's daughter that she proposes having at least the Art building reproduced in Central park as a permanent object lesson in the beautiful. This report probably grew out of Miss Gould's admiration of architecture and her often repeated declaration that it seems a pity that such beautiful structures as those in Jackson park are not to last for all time. At all events it is difficult to believe that the young lady means to spend millions in the realization of what is, after all, a merely esthetic longing. But she may believe with Ruskin that life's happiness consists only in the gratification of esthetic longings.

Austria's Emperor and His Heir. The Austrian diplomatic representatives here have been enjoined by no less a person than Emperor Francis Joseph to maintain the utmost vigilance in looking after the safety of Prince Franz Ferdinand, heir to the imperial throne, during the entire time of his stay in New York. It seems that his majesty has a rather poor opinion of this city's influences, moral and otherwise. He considers New York a corrupt place, full of dangers to young men. However, the prince will have only the four hundred to endure. Perhaps the emperor's caution has special reference to them, but even the Austrian diplomats will find it hard to prevent Mrs. Paron Stevens, the Astors and a few other entertainers from laying hold of the prince. The programme for his entertainment when he comes has already assumed definite shape. There are to be a ball, a reception and a trip to Newport. Mr. John Jacob Astor, whose property thirty-seven thousand dollars in entertaining the Russian royal scion, has arranged to give this new prince of the blood a reception that would beggar Czarism.

No doubt a full report of all these doings, in accordance with the royal instructions, is now on its way to the court of Austria. DAVID WECHSLER.

It Was a Chicken Bone. "Come here," said the old maid to her false teeth. "I have a bone to pick with you."—*Truth.*

No Red, Red Gold. Red are her lips as roses. Dewy, divinely fair; But no young man proposes. For red—ah!—is her hair!—*Somerville Journal.*

Liquidating His Bill. "Let's play a game of hearts," she cried; "For stakes I'll be your promised bride. 'Tis your first play; see which 't will be, I marry you—you marry me!"—*Allison Made in Ohio.*

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AT THE DOOR OF THE MISSION.

How One of the Four Outcasts Wondered

She stood with arms folded, leaning against the lamp post in front of the little mission Sunday-school on Clark street. She was only the miserable ruin of what had once been a remarkably beautiful woman. The children within were singing some old time Sunday-school songs and two or three times the sound of her voice mingled with theirs. A carriage drawn by fine black horses drew up very near to where she stood, and a tall, handsome, dressed young lady alighted and went into the mission room. The ruin by the lamp post smiled grimly and shook her head.

Edging a little nearer to her a reporter asked: "Do you know that young lady?" She started, gave a quick, searching look and replied: "No, sir. That is, I am not acquainted with her. If that is what you mean. But I know who she is; I see her here every Sunday. I love to watch her when she comes. She steps so light and pretty, and looks so happy. Though I do suppose she sometimes thinks herself very miserable and unhappy. O, Lord! it makes me laugh and it makes me cry."

She paused, laughing a sort of hard ugly chuckle. "What makes you laugh and cry?" "O, to remember, sir, you may not believe me, but it is as true as preaching. I was once rich and handsome and light-hearted as that girl is now. I was proud, too; very proud. That's what makes me cry, sir, for I know I can never go back again. And I laugh when I remember what little things used to make me so happy. Sometimes I think I had a great deal of trouble in those days, but I did not know what trouble was then. I have learned since."

"I wonder, sometimes, if that pretty thing will ever learn what real sorrow means. I wonder if her heart will ever be crushed and bleeding thing; if she will ever be dead while she liveth; if she will ever love—love with all the strength of her woman's nature—one who she believes to be a part of her very being, soul of her soul, light of her life. I wonder if she will think he is all that is pure and noble, generous and unselfish, manly and brave. I wonder if a man will be deceived; if she will learn, when it is everlastingly too late, that he is a base, ignoble, selfish coward. I wonder if he will leave her alone, and poor, a stranger in a strange city; if she will ever wander, at midnight, ill and homeless, hungry, cold, and forsaken, up and down the streets

of Chicago with his child on her bosom; if she will look out over the dark waters of Lake Michigan while her whole frame trembles with an awful temptation and thinks how easy it would be to end her pain.

"I wonder if she will ever look for the last time on the face of her precious baby, and it will be still and lifeless; if she will kiss its lips and eyes and find them cold, and then part forever from the last thing she has on earth to love and care for. I wonder if she will go down then, faster and faster, until she reaches the bottomless pit of the slums of this great city. And then, sometimes, will she look from her degraded position, from her 'horrible pit of mire and clay' and see him, honored and petted by society, and respected by his fellow-citizens? Then, I wonder, will she think God is cruel?"

She shut her lips hard as she finished speaking, stood silent for a moment, then, without taking notice of the reporter, as though she had been speaking to herself, went across the street and entered a door over which was a sign reading: "Ladies' entrance."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SKIMMING IN COOKING.

An Important Nicety Which All Cooks Do Not Practice.

There is an art in skimming as in most other things, to skim milk so that no portion of cream remains on the spoon, to remove fat from the surface of soup or gravy so that not a particle is left to annoy a fastidious taste, to remove the scum from broth just at the right time, ere what is thrown up at first has been drawn down again by the boiling liquor, and to be mindful to skim off the frothy scum which rises on the first boiling up of vegetables and potatoes—these are points in the true art of cookery which are apt to be too lightly regarded by the ordinary domestic.

Who has not experienced a feeling of revolt on seeing a crust of rapidly taking fat form on the spoon which is lifted from the gravy, or—still more undesirable—little globules of grease on the surface of the invalid's cup of beef tea?

Many cooks argue that if soup is allowed to get cold and the fat of it removed when solid there cannot possibly be any further cause for fear. This is a great mistake; as soon as that soup is allowed to boil again it will throw up more fat, perhaps quite as much as before.

Stock which has been made from the liquor in which ham or bacon has been boiled, or from meat which has much gristle about it, like calves' feet, will be found to throw up fat as long as it is on the fire.

The only way to get rid of this is to

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